

LL

LadyLike
magazine
ADULTS ONLY

Issue #19
\$10

DOUBLE DYNAMITE PROFILES

**Nancy Ann
Howes &
Rachel Lane**



FICTION!

- Another Story
- The Problem

BOOK REVIEW
by April Willis

Nancy Ann Howes



Roberts' Ramblings

“ Let The Donor Beware!

There's a growing trend within the transgender community — applying for an I.R.S. tax exemption. Lots of organizations are asking for this ruling which goes by the nickname “501[c][3]” taken from the paragraph and sections of the tax code.

Receiving this exemption from the I.R.S. opens doors that otherwise would be unavailable to a transgender organization. Just a few examples are: accepting donations from individuals that the individual may deduct from their personal income tax; receiving recognition from other tax exempt organizations such as the United Way; and access to grants and funds from other organizations. The other advantage is that a 501[c][3] exemption lends a certain credibility and integrity to the organization.

But, and this is a **big** “but,” receiving such as ruling is *no guarantee* that an organization will abide by all of the I.R.S. rules and regulations governing the activities of tax exempt organizations. In fact, some organizations have flagrantly violated the rules. Our local paper, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, did an in-depth series of articles exposing such violations by some of the larger tax exempt organizations in the U.S. Did you know, for example, that the National Football League is tax exempt? Is that a joke or what?

Back to our community — we're seeing an increase in the number of gender groups asking for and receiving tax exemptions. These organizations then want our donations to continue their work. I believe in supporting our community's organizations with such tax exempt donations. Renaissance was one of the first member-based national organizations to seek and receive this exemption and it has been extremely beneficial for the group.

However, before you dig out your checkbook, you should carefully investigate the organization to which you wish to donate money. Don't assume you know what the organization is doing because you read one of their publications, or some press release from them. Accepting the 501[c][3] ruling makes the organization a **public charity**. Thus, they must make certain specific information **public**, i.e. available to you. These public documents are:

- (1) Form 990 tax returns for the last three years.
- (2) original Application for tax exemption and all accompanying documentation
 - (2A) Articles of Incorporation
 - (2B) Constitution and By Laws.

Current I.R.S. rules do not require organizations to provide these documents by mail, only to have them available for public inspection at their place of business. In other words, you can walk in and ask to see these documents. However, I.R.S. regulations may change this year so that mail requests must be honored.

To my way of thinking, though, if a gender-community organization wants my money, then they better be willing to answer any and all questions about their finances and operations. Any gender-community organization that is not willing to be open and honest about its finances and operations does not deserve trust, nor financial support.

Money is an extremely important factor in any organization's ability to do community work. But when money itself becomes the goal of an organization rather than service, something is seriously wrong with that organization. When so-called “community” organizations are used for personal gain, I have to ask should this community support individuals who think we “owe” them a living? My own answer is a resounding, “No.” No one gets a free ride. Everyone needs to pull their own weight.

So, before you plunk down your money, make sure you know what and *who* your money supports. A little digging around in the records may surprise you.

JoAnn Roberts”

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Rachel Lane, herself.



Nancy Ann Howes



Rachel Lane

Nancy Ann Howes



LadyLike's

Profile

NAME: Nancy Ann Howes

AGE: A "young lady" in her 40's

PROFESSION: Public Servant

RESIDENCE: Upstate New York

HEIGHT: 5' 10"

WEIGHT: Scales are such liars!

MEASUREMENTS: 44-38-42, Size 18

SHOE SIZE: 12

FAVORITE THINGS

SHOE STYLE: 3" - 4" sling-back pumps

PERFUME: White Linen & Georgio

MOVIE: Rear Window, Steel Magnolias, Hotel

MUSIC: Elvis, Sinatra, Rock 'n Roll, Big Bands

STYLES: Definitely "Ladylike"

PLACE: Toronto, the "Big Apple"

TURN-ONS: Shopping with my wife; bubble baths, lacy satin slips, & becoming Nancy Ann.

TURN-OFFS: People who do not appreciate the courage it takes to be a woman today.



Nancy Ann Howes

***LadyLike:* Tell us about your earliest recollections of attraction to feminine clothing.**

Nancy Ann: As a pre-kindergartner, I played quietly in a back room off our kitchen. My mother knew where I was and that I was safe. That room was our laundry room and where she put her clothes. When she saw me dressed in her slip and panties the first time, she didn't seem to mind at all, as if she knew this was a harmless activity for a 3 - 4 year old. You might say that since we didn't have a television, my mother's lingerie became my first "baby-sitter."

***LadyLike:* Did you keep this up, or did this activity go away and then come back at puberty like it does for so many?**

Nancy Ann: From ages 5 - 13, my dressing was hit & miss and was confined to lingerie. When I was

7 my parents bought a television and I went from being a TV to watching one. My father, who knew about my "crossdressing," told my mother not to allow it, but he worked so much that my mother capitalized on my "innocent" playing to get her housework finished. She would even allow me to get her lingerie out of her dresser drawer, if I asked nicely.

Over that period of time, we moved three times. The last two houses were two-family dwellings with upstairs apartments. It seemed that the tenants were always young couples. The women were attractive and wore exciting clothes (at least to me). When the tenants were on vacation and my parents were not around, I would use a spare key and visit their "wardrobes." By the time I was done, I had tried on all their lingerie, dresses, gowns, skirts, blouses, jewelry and some makeup. I was never detected and the experience allowed me to experience some fabulous clothes.



I wore pumps all day long and change from style to style, just loving that experience walking around the house and up and down stairs in pumps.

I had my own sandy colored hair brushed to cover my ears and in bangs at the front. I used loose face powder, brown eyebrow pencil, a cherry rouge (blush), and matching lipstick. I must say that when I looked at myself in the mirror, I nearly swooned. I looked just like a woman in her lingerie with her hair and makeup all done.

Then, I put on a black, back-zip dress that I had seen my mother wear out to dinner. It was lined in satin and had a V-neck with a 3-inch wide pink satin bow that flowed across the front of the bodice. It was gorgeous and felt like nothing I had ever experienced in my life! Then, I put on matching black sling-back pumps and a black pill-box hat with an eye net (wonder how many readers remember those?). This was followed by pearl jewelry: necklace, bracelets, rings, wristwatch and large clip-on earrings.

Finally, I put on long, elbow-length gloves with a full-length fur coat. With a black clutch bag and a

My sexual excitement was definitely there — each and every time. However, I disliked having “accidents” so I started to experiment with tucking my genitals so this would not happen. I became sexually aroused just thinking about times when everyone would be away and knowing that no one suspected a thing. I was as giddy as a school girl.

***LadyLike:* So, when was the first time that you dressed completely from head-to-toe, lingerie and makeup?**

Nancy Ann: It was the Spring of 1963. I was 18 years old. My parents were away for the day and I was left home to study for school. They left early and I knew they wouldn't be back until at least 9 PM, so I had all day. I was doubly fortunate since the tenants were away for the week and I had access to two wardrobes.

After my parents left, I carefully mixed lingerie from the two wardrobes, and after taking a shower I dusted and perfumed my body and proceeded to put on the lingerie which included panties, an all-in-one, stockings with seams, and a full slip. All of it fit!



spritz of perfume, I was complete. What a look and feeling. I will never forget that look and that day. It was *perfect*.

LadyLike: Sounds like every young TV's daydream. Did you ever get caught?

Nancy Ann: No, I never did get caught by either my parents or the tenants, but I did almost have a heart-attack once while I was out dressed.

I was staying at a motel and I had dressed up to go out for a drive. It was dark at 6:30 PM and I was ready to leave my room by 7:30 PM. I decided to walk around the motel area first and as I was returning to the parking lot heading for my car, I noticed I was not alone. There were two or three men headed for the parking lot coming from my direction and there were already more men milling around the lot. They didn't look like ruffians or street people, but they did notice me. I wasn't sure what to do, but I kept my composure and continued walking toward my room.

As I neared my door, all of the men started run-



ning toward me. I thought I was a goner. Then they ran right by me and headed for the room next to mine. It was a police raid (I later learned) and they had staked out the man in the room next to mine. I never did find out what he did, but I was totally ignored after they made their arrest. I think my heart rate was way beyond any aerobic benefit that night. Whew!!

LadyLike: That kind of thing would scare Hell out of anybody. How about counterbalancing that story with something funny.

Nancy Ann: That's easy. I once purchased a pair of panties that were about two sizes too large. I dressed one evening to go out shopping and to test my ability to "pass." I wore a brief but I thought it would feel even better if I put on the panties over the brief. When I put them on, I noticed they were large, but I felt that, once dressed, my skirt and belt would hold everything in place. And they did, or so it seemed.

I drove to a mall, got out of my car and went into a Penney's. I went to the lingerie department and



LadyLike #19



We were there for two days and I was getting cold feet. On the day before we were to return home, she stopped me near a park where we always went to enjoy a private moment and share thoughts. She said she wanted to know what it was that was on my mind and that we weren't going anywhere until I told her.

She'd been going crazy thinking that maybe I'd found someone else. So, I told her I was a cross-dresser and explained what that meant. She immediately heaved a sigh of relief and we talked for quite some time. I told her my history and explained what I went through to make it happen for myself — while away from home.

She had never suspected and was surprised by the whole thing, but expressed her concern for me and what I'd gone through all alone. She told me I would never have to go through that alone again. She also said that she wanted to become better acquainted with the idea and we'd have to talk more about it, which is what we've done ever since.

LadyLike: You are so lucky to have a part-

was enjoying myself fully. A sales-lady was nearby arranging some bras when she noticed a pair of panties on the floor. She picked them up, refolded them and put them behind the counter when she noticed they didn't have any tags on them. They were mine. I had walked right out of my over-sized panties and never noticed. Yes, I lost my panties in Penney's.

LadyLike: That is hysterical. What a ditz! I hope you've learned to keep your panties on now. OK, time to get a little serious. You have a great relationship with your partner Sandy. How did you go about telling her?

Nancy Ann: Every year Sandy and I take a vacation in Toronto to shop and dine and play. It's our favorite place. In late '90, I told her that I wanted to talk to her about something when we were in Toronto. After keeping this secret for nearly 17 years, I had to tell someone or bust. Since I regarded her as my best friend, and since we had otherwise "very open" lines of communication, I felt I could not go on this way. I was willing to risk her disdain and somehow try to work it out later.



ner who is secure enough in her own femininity to deal with your crossdressing. That's not often the case. So, there you are, married and she knows, and she's supportive; what about the children, do they know?

Nancy Ann: We believe that our children should be told on a "need-to-know" basis and right now they don't need to know. They're in their late teens and have their hands (and minds) full just trying to find themselves, what with school, friends, and jobs.

Sandy and I feel that they're not ready to deal with this yet and we're in total agreement on that point. We would feel very guilty about putting our children in the position of keeping "my secret." For now, we're very comfortable with this approach.

As for later in life, it depends. We may never tell them. The only time I would definitely tell them without them asking first would be if Sandy passed away. I would not want them to have a major surprise after I passed away, so I'd tell them first. If I go first, Sandy never has to say anything to them.



LadyLike: What issues were the easiest to work out with Sandy?

Nancy Ann: Well, the need to get in touch with other crossdressers and wives was high on my list. Our local support group (CD•Network) opened that door and your Pocono weekend took care of the rest.

We also worked out arrangements for storing our clothes (mine, hers and Nancy's) so our children wouldn't notice anything out of the ordinary.

LadyLike: No one I know has a "perfect" relationship, crossdresser or not, so what are the issues that still come up for you two?

Nancy Ann: Certainly there are still issues. One of those is how frequently I dress as Nancy Ann. Another is making love with Nancy Ann wearing lingerie. This one may sound trivial to some, but when to shave my chest is still an issue. Sandy likes the guy she married too. And, dressing away from home still merits a lot of discussion. Sandy likes to be with me when I dress as Nancy Ann. Yes, we're still working on all of these. Isn't everyone?



should dress, when you dress, what clothing you will share (if any), which couples you spend time with, when are the times when you should be the man she married, and how your resources (time and money) should be expended to satisfy everybody's needs (yours and hers).

LadyLike: What's in the future for Nancy Ann? What haven't you done yet?

Nancy Ann: Let's see. I hope to be fitted for an evening gown, be photographed in a wedding gown, spend time in a ladies hat shop trying on hats, have a photo session with a professional photographer, shop all day dressed in New York City, dine and attend a play in New York City, and attend some events like Fantasia Fair, the Be All or A Night Of A Thousand Gowns. ▼

(Editor's Note: You can find out more about Nancy Ann and her partner Sandy in the CDS video *Coping With Crossdressing: The Couples' Video*. See our ad in this issue.)

LadyLike: You mentioned your local support group, CD•Network. How did you get involved with them?

Nancy Ann: We found the CD•Network in a TV journal somewhat similar to *LadyLike*. They seemed to have a confidential approach to interviewing and sharing with prospective members. Their HOTLINE was accessible and we wanted to determine if they supported couple's participation.

They did and we met other couples at the meetings and events. It all follows from there. Sandy and I are now the editors of the group's newsletter, the *CD•News*.

LadyLike: What message would you want to send to our readers?

Nancy Ann: The best advice I can give, especially if you're married, is to talk it out with your partner. Work toward compromises that are reasonable and fair for both of you.

The main things to discuss are how often you





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Girl Talk



her body movements. That will be the tip-off to anyone who looks twice, and she will get "read." The next question is, however, "So What!" It takes a long time to reach that "So What" state of mind. I'd just be patient and perhaps plan mini-outings to get Laurie used to being out in public. Or, get yourselves to one of the many TV-hosted events around the country. Eventually, she'll want to go out on the town and you'll get your wish.

Dear JoAnn,

I have this crazy fantasy. Whenever I am dressed I want to have sex with a man. Otherwise, I am a happily heterosexual guy! Am I really gay?

Confused in Atlanta.

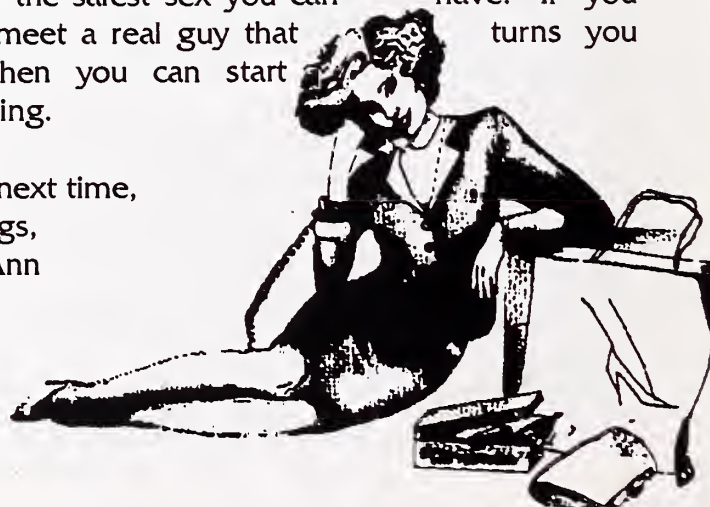
Dear Confused,

Maybe, maybe not. It is quite common for cross-dressers to fantasize about sex with a male. It is the ultimate feminine act. One way you might distinguish whether or not your fantasy implies being gay is to examine what about the fantasy is turning you on. Is it the image of the male or the idea of all the attention you would receive as a female?

In addition, sex researchers have been telling us for years (but few listen) that almost no one is 100% heterosexual, or 100% homosexual. Those are two extremes. Most people, when honest about their sexual attractions, are mildly bisexual.

Finally, consider this: it's just a fantasy, so enjoy it. It's the safest sex you can have. If you ever meet a real guy that turns you on, then you can start worrying.

Til next time,
Hugs,
JoAnn



Girl Talk is your forum. Any question on any topic is fair game, from makeup secrets to the psychology of transgendered behavior. If I don't have an answer, I'll find someone who does. Write me care of the magazine with your questions.


Dear JoAnn,

For the past four years I have been with my husband who is also a transvestite. I want to take "her" out on the town in a nearby city, but she is deathly afraid of being read. Should I be forceful or just patient?

Bambl, Laurie's wife (Canada)

Dear Bambl,

In case you decide on a divorce, I know a gazillion TVs who would be interested in marrying a woman like you. But seriously, 90% of "passing" is feeling confident about how one looks and acts. If Laurie is really scared, she will communicate that in



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Another Story

by Ann Animas

I've never prevented myself from exploring all the secrets life has to offer and in my forty-five years, have probably lived a hundred. Addressing the toll my adventures and curiosities have taken on my life, I met another and rather than let the opportunity pass, I married him.

Five marriage proposals came and went during my years seeking a life mate. Thousands were given the chance, mostly all failed, and those that I wanted had various and sundry circumstances preventing our union. I have never forgotten any of them and my fantasies are obsessed with what might have been instead of what is. But I have stopped letting my heart guide me and accept my life as it is at middle age, preparing for an early, comfortable retirement, the nature of which is uncertain although I look forward to it because that is what I'm working for and I don't experience happiness now.

Don't get me wrong. I enjoy a great deal of satisfaction. I am goal oriented and a high achiever. The decision to accomplish the goals I choose requires an investment. I have chosen my business partner wisely, (who is my husband), made a financial investment and have a successful business with a guaranteed return on my investment due to the unending dedication of my partner. The decision to love is an emotional investment. I haven't experienced the same rate of return on this emotional investment. As a good wife, I am faithful and hope our sexual life will improve.

The chance to go out alone during the past four years has been rare, practically non-existent, because I have been so closely watched due to my insatiable sexual exploits in the past. I won't say I am not trusted, but remove temptation and you remove the opportunity. Adjusting to this hasn't been easy but I have become a workaholic to protect myself. An idle mind is the devil's play ground. Financial rewards can eliminate every desire... almost.

Then one day when I was home alone on a rare occasion, I discovered a secret drawer in the bottom of my husband's closet. The contents revealed a side to his life I had never known. Among the feminine lingerie folded neatly beneath a pink lace trimmed heart shaped pillow

full of potpourri, were a few Polaroid photographs of a gorgeous woman with a penetrating gaze.

I'm not stupid, I knew who she was. But where did she come from? Of deeper concern was why was I infatuated by a woman? I am straight as a whip. Our sex life had always involved the characteristics of heterosexual lovemaking - I wouldn't know what to do with a woman! I had a color laser copy made of the most attractive pose and hid it where I could study the sultry bitch that was my husband.

The keyboard and my computer has become the vehicle to my sexual desire. I feel as content as if she were here with me now and the pleasure will be all mine to assure him that getting to know the new side of him has absorbed all my waking thoughts. At night when I dream I experience a fresh new outlook in my physical exploits with the female body I pretend he has. Would it embarrass him to know that? How would it make him feel, I wonder...

Would it be like a stranger peering at him through the blinds one morning as he woke to take his languid bathing ritual in raspberry leaves and patchouli oil? Noticing my silhouette on the blinds after he had exposed his nakedness, would he feel shy that I was watching his feminine side? Unsure of how far he could go, could he trust me?

Perhaps he would lie back in the tub and relax, aware of my gaze through the blinds, relieved that everything was now about to be out in the open. I would watch carefully, surprised at the delicate touch used to smooth the bathing oils over his skin. Would it repulse me to witness the removal of his manhood as he stood in the bath, unashamed, razor in hand and shaved his entire body, or would I later find the softness of his skin so comfortable and inviting that my desires in bed would be insatiable?

I remembered Eileen. That young girl in grade seven that used to sit naked in my lap, pretending that I was the boy, forcing me to lick her breasts. Maybe force is not an accurate word, but for the inexperienced, one must lead the other or two are left to fumble to no result. She was leading me for her own needs, and placing me in the role of the boy was an uncomfortable position for me and upset me. However, I did enjoy her smooth, soft skin and pretty face.

I split open the blinds further, hidden by the bushes in the back yard from our neighbors, anxious that he should be made aware of my presence. A witness to the personal desires of his secret side in this twist of fate. My humdrum life was about to take a turn for the better and the excitement was killing me. I wanted to enjoy every moment and make it last.

I was the audience. I watched him transform, an awakening to my inner sexual desires suppressed since I was twelve. Thirty one years of suppression did not make me able to love my husband's feminine side instantly, but the spark had been kindled.

Wet red silk clung to his body. The dressing gown was a hasty addition as he ran out the room, still wet to pick me up in his arms and carry me in through the back door to our bedroom. He was a man-woman, soft and strong at the same time. How could I resist and what was to become of me?

The morning after we sat at the kitchen table in lingerie. White on me, black on him. Even our coffee mugs matched. What a pair.

I found that I was able to feel like a woman in the presence of femininity. In other words, a man in lingerie didn't make me feel less of a woman, it made me feel more. An unexpected twist of fate brought meaning to that thirty one year old memory I had completely forgotten. These new experiences weren't foreign to me, I had already been with a girl. My husband in lingerie didn't scare me after all.

Now he wanted to go out as a girl. I did some quick rationalizing: let yourself go, it's good therapy. Don't be judgmental. Rid yourself of preconceived notions about how things should be and you can accept things the way they are. I will need a disguise and we could go somewhere nobody knows us. We bought matching long wigs in black and blonde and new clothes.

We rushed home and in the wink of an eye two sultry bitches looked back at us from the hall mirror. My husband's powerful expression, softened by the lashes, gripped me in a hungry gaze. I never felt like this before but, I never looked like this before. A new image for each of us made this roller coaster ride of life easier to experience. I wanted to have as much fun as I could without having to worry about meeting someone who knew me. I mean, what would I say?

The car slid out the drive with no lights on. I was sure not to alert the neighbors about our devilish escapades en route to Babylon, the sleaziest lesbian bar in New York.

Face to face on the dance floor with my husband, we were the center of attention, receiving our narcissistic nourishment from the female crowd. He was the matador, I the bull. I was the snake charmer, he the serpent, curling around my ankles, up my legs and around my breasts. Where the laser lights hit my body I tingled, on fire for him. Is this how an exhibitionist feels? Then I am one. But how does it feel to be a voyeur?

We sat down, dripping, bathed in black light. A beautiful blonde woman stood at the edge of the dance floor alone. Without embarrassment she began to move and as she did, people stepped back to watch the show. Her black latex cape opened exposing a rhinestone studded black net bodysuit. She danced and I watched. Is this is what it means to be a voyeur? Then I am one. I saw my husband watching her closely. He is a voyeur too, I thought. She slowed her dancing and pulled a cordless microphone out of her boot and spoke to him.

"You... sultry bitch! You with the long black hair - come and dance with me!"



My husband in his leather skirt and high-heeled boots got right up there on the dance floor in front of everyone and gyrated with wild abandon, shaking his breasts and tossing his hair. The effects of attention on his behavior was far reaching. He was alive with passion in this female role, free of the chains from his business suit and briefcase that bound him to a male gender role. Able to be what he wanted without prejudice or persecution. The blonde danced with him and others joined them. She left disappearing into the crowd and he never even noticed. I joined him while searching the crowd for her, just to say how much I enjoyed the show. Over the loudspeaker the DJ announced the name of the performer. Her name was Eileen.

What funny tricks life plays on you. Just when you think about someone, they appear. That past acquaintance of mine had been blonde. There was no mistake, the dancer was what Eileen had become, and this was what I had become - a woman out tramping around with her transvestite husband in a lesbian bar. I had to get out of there, even though she would never recognize me.

At the coat check I fumbled for our claim cheques. Eileen was standing under the Exit sign and I would have to pass her to get to my husband, still on the dance floor. Even if she didn't know who I was, she would still feel the electricity from my body if I got close to her. I was surprised she couldn't feel it now, all I could think about were those experiences I had with her when we were young girls. I had to cool out or else.

continued next page

Our eyes met. I tried to look away but we were locked in an electrical energy flow made up of the past bombarding the present. She would know we had to be connected in some way, for me to be staring the way I was. I couldn't stop the mental transmission of my ideas to her brain. Her telepathic response was impressive. Be still my beating heart, she is coming over to talk to me. I watched her hair flowing around her as she came up to me and stood very close. In a soft, breathy voice she asked, "Do I know you?"

"I want you to meet my husband," I said as I took the beautiful blonde woman's hand and led her across the nightclub to where the dark haired vixen stood with one foot up on her chair fastening a spur to her right boot.

"This, is Eileen," I said to him. "Eileen, this is my husband."

It took a long time for me to realize the consequences of that introduction. The three of us went for coffee and talked until dawn. I never told my husband about the sexual experiences I had with Eileen when we were young in case he couldn't deal with it. She was enthralled that I had the guts to marry a crossdresser and neither my husband nor I told her that was our first and only time out. She danced part-time and had a day job at a local television station.

"I produce a talk show called Insight. We're always looking for interesting people to interview. What do you say about being guests next week? Now don't look like that, you can wear the same disguises you have on now, no one will ever know."

Persuasion was Eileen's middle name. At twelve, she persuaded me and now at forty-three she was still persuading me. It seemed like only yesterday she was in my lap, cuddling up and telling me her secrets. Where did the time go?

"Okay," my husband told her.

"Okay, too." I agreed.

He was at peace in front of the cameras, speaking from the heart. Genuine expression of his heartfelt beliefs that

everyone should be allowed feel safe and secure, no matter what their lot in life, brought tears to my eyes. The studio audience agreed and applauded heartily. We enjoyed the attention we were getting for sticking up for ourselves. I felt noble, proud of my courage and he was proud I was his wife. Mutual appreciation is a strong factor in attraction.

With the money we were paid for the show, we bought three week cruise tickets on the Queen Elizabeth. I'll never forget the feeling that first night off the coast of Greece, under the moonlight. My husband looked me deep in the eyes, gave me a big hug and toasted me with champagne.

"Honey, you're wonderful!" he said.

My hands are at rest below the keyboard as I survey the fictitious episodes of my imagined life. Would I ever have the nerve to let any of this really happen, or will my life always be as it is? I have the power to introduce an exciting, frightening element into my life - a husband that cross-dresses. And all just by letting him know that I know. Did I have the courage?

I thought about it carefully. I could concentrate on the pleasant aspects of this new interest of his, and that would make my life more pleasant. Neurosis is caused by the repression of un-met needs. Certainly my husband would benefit by knowing that I was on his side and loved him unconditionally. In fact, I owed it to him through our marriage vows to make the effort.

I dressed in my sexiest white lingerie. I placed the Polaroid of my husband as a woman on the dinner table in front of his chair so he would see it when he sat down to dinner. Then he would know that I knew he cross-dressed. I figured once he saw me ready to make love to him, he would know that I was going to try and accept his femme side. I was going to alter the course of my life. I hoped that in time all the dreams I fantasized about would really happen.

And you know what? They did!



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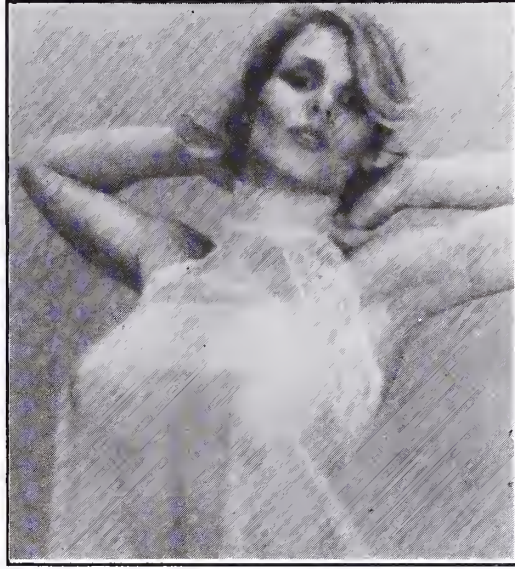


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Only The Shallow Side

a review by **April L. Willis**

The Other Side, by Nan Goldin is the latest book to be published dealing with the transgendered world. It is a beautiful photo collection spanning three continents, four countries and twenty years. The problem is, that's all it is.

Nan Goldin is a celebrated artist. Her work has appeared in the Museum of Modern Art, in New York, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston as well as in Tokyo, Paris, Austria and Germany. She was included in the Whitney Biennial and the *Dresscodes* exhibit at the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art.

Ms. Goldin is the author of four other books and has taught in several universities. In *The Other Side*, Ms. Goldin brings us into the world of the drag queen. The people portrayed in this book are Ms. Goldin's friends. She knows who they are, how they live, what they think and how they feel. Unfortunately, she does not share any of this information with us.

Mariette Pathy Allen did a similar book called *Transformations*, but there are significant differences between the two books. *Transformations* dealt with crossdressers instead of drag queens. More importantly, in *Transformations*, each of the people featured had a brief bio published

with her photos as well as some of her own comments concerning her life. This made them real and human.

As I went through *The Other Side*, I found myself wondering about these queens. Who were they? What did they think of their lives and the society that has oppressed them for years. It was not enough for me to merely present a photo collection of some of the most beautiful queens I have ever seen. I wanted to know something about the girls. Some text with the photos would have made this a truly outstanding book. Without the text, the book is shallow.

If you'd like to add a pretty picture book to your collection, *The Other Side* is well worth seeing, but I'm not sure it was worth the \$40 price tag.

The Other Side may be purchased from:
Light Impressions
P.O. Box 940
429 Monroe Avenue
Rochester, N.Y. 14607-0940; or
Scalo Publishers
636 Broadway 12th floor
New York, N.Y. 10012



Joey at the Love Ball, NYC, 1991



**At the bar: Toon, C., &
So, Bangkok, 1992**



**Jimmy Paulette and Taboo in the
bathroom, NYC, 1991.**

All photos © Nan Goldin. Used with permission, Scalo Publishers.



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Suzie's blue eyes got big as saucers.
"What?"

Jack couldn't keep a note of bashfulness from his voice. "Married. We could get married. If you wanted."

"Married! But—"

"You need a place to live and somebody to take care of you, and this way the neighbors couldn't talk."

"We're both—"

"Yeah, but who's gonna know?"

"H-how—I mean, I think you have to show a birth certificate."

"So maybe we won't get a license. I got a friend who would tie the knot anyway. He has a mail-order preacher's degree. He'd give us a real marriage certificate in case we need it."

Red-faced, Suzie looked down at the table, lashes hiding her thoughts.

"If I—If we—W-what would I have to do?"

LANDON HOLMES *Suzie Gets Even*

Suzie wins free of the master—too late. Protogen has altered his body permanently. He can't go back to jeans and T-shirt, and how can he survive out on the street in skirts? He needs a protector, no matter what the price. It was all his parents' fault. Only the most bizarre revenge would satisfy him.

Landon Holmes' latest dizzying romp through a scintillating world of unforgettable characters and aberrant situations, a complete novel, not a pamphlet. *Suzie Gets Even* is a first-edition classic, a collector's item carefully crafted to find a permanent place in your private library and to give you breathtaking pleasure as you read and re-read it.

Caveat lector, let the reader beware. All Holmes' novels are pure erotic fantasies, and contain explicit sexual scenes in every chapter; they may not be suitable for some readers of *LadyLike*. You must be 21 or over to order.

Suzie Gets Even, 240 pp 5½"x8½", \$29.95 + \$3 S&H to:

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Dover Plains NY 12522-0613

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photo by
Stellar
Photo-
graphy



Keli, MD
Mild & Wild



Claudia, Germany
(nice boots!)



Vicki Sheridan, MO
(nice boobs!)



Tina R., New York

LadyLike #19

Nancy Ann, Md.

Melissa Franks, Pa.



Michelle P. Md.



Vicki Sheridan, Mo.



Karen, Ontario,
Canada



Gwen, Md.



LadyLike #19

**Alison G.,
New Jersey**



**Phyllis L.,
Illinois**



**Brenda Altman,
Berkeley, Calif.**



**Chris Korda,
Mass.**



Robyn, Tenn.





Melissa Franks, Penna.



Roberta, Md.

Mixed

Gwen, Md.



Barbie Dahl, Ind.





Roberta, Md.



Melissa Franks, Penna.

Doubles

Barbie Dahl, Ind.



Gwen, Md.



Resources

Our listings are the most up-to-date. Please keep us informed of any changes or additions. Thanks

• **National Organizations** •

American Educational Gender Information Service (AEGIS), Box 33724, Decatur, GA 30033-0724. Publishes *Chrysalis Quarterly*, and several pamphlets on gender issues. Extensive referral network for transsexual issues. 404-987-8535. Call in evening. (Affiliated with the Renaissance)

International Foundation for Gender Education (IFGE), Box 367, Wayland, MA 01778. Publishes *TV/TS Tapestry*. Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. 617-899-2212.

Renaissance Education Assoc., Inc., Box 60552, King of Prussia, PA 19406, 215-630-1437, \$16 annual fee includes monthly newsletter. Background Papers on TV/TS issues for personal and professional use. Speakers Bureau. Inquire about chapters and affiliates.

Society for the Second Self (SSS), Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Focused on families and relationships. Publishes *Femme Mirror*. Chapters marked with "‡"

• **Organizations, Boutiques and Businesses by State** •

City, Name, Address, Zipcode

Alabama

Huntsville, Sigma Rho Gamma‡, Box 16174, 35802

Arizona

Tempe, Alpha-Zeta‡, Box 24459, 85285
Tempe, A Rose, Box 24623, 85285

Arkansas

Jonesboro, Mu Sigma‡, Box 61, 72403

California

Concord, DVG, Box 272885, 94527
Duarte, CHIC , Box 562, 91010
Glendale, NS Products (Breast Forms), Box 6678-L, 91225
L.A., Androgyny, POBox 480740, 90048
L.A., Alpha ‡, Box 36091, 90036
Laguna Niguel, Fashion 2000 (consultants), Box 6502, 92607

Mt. View, B&R Creations (Corsetry), Box 4201-L, 94040

Sacramento, SGA, Box 215456, 95821
San Diego, Neutral Corner, Box 12581, 92112

San Francisco, ETVC, Box 426486, 94142-64861

San Jose, RGA, Box 700730, 9517
Sherman Oaks, Lydia's Fashions (boutique), 13837 Ventura Blvd., #2, 91423
Tustin, Versatile Fashions (boutique), Box 1051, 92681

Yorba Linda, Melody Products Int'l (breast forms), Box 2142, 92686

Yorba Linda, PPOC, Box 1088, 92686
Connecticut

Farmington, COS, Box 163, 06034
Greenwich, Jane Doyle Electrology, 203-869-2323

Hartford, The XX Club, Inc. (TS only, please), PO Box 387, 06141-0387

Colorado

Denver, Gender Identity Center Inc., 3715 West 32nd Ave, 80211
Northern & Southern Colo., please call 303-458-5378

Florida

Hollywood, Serenity, Box 307, 33022
Miami, Animas, Box 420309, 33242
Winter Park, Phi Epsilon Mu‡, Box 3261, 32790

Georgia

Rosewell, Sigma Epsilon‡, Box 272, 30077-0272

Hawaii

Honolulu, Hawaii TG Outreach, 1142 Auhai St., Ste 3114, 96814

Illinois

Chicago, CGS, Box 578005, 60657
Washington, CIGA, Box 126, 61517
Wood Dale, Chi Chapter‡, Box 40, 60191

Indiana

Indianapolis, IXE, Box 20710, 46220

Iowa

Cedar Rapids, Iowa Artistry, Box 75, 52406-0075

Kansas

Kechi, Wichita Transgender Alliance. Box 315, 67067

Overland Park, KCCAF, Box 4092, 66204

Shawnee Mission, Gender Dysphoria Support, Box 15561, 66215

Louisiana

New Orleans, Tri Delta Chi‡, Box 870213, 70187

Maine

Portland, TransSupport, Box 17622, 04101

Massachusetts

Waltham, Vernon's Specialties (boutique), 386 Moody St., 02254
Woburn, TCNE Inc., Box 2283, 01888

Michigan

Grand Rapids, IME W. Michigan , Box 1153, 49501
Royal Oak, Crossroads, Box 1245, 48068

Minnesota

Minneapolis, CLCC, Box 16265, 55416
St. Paul, MFGE, Box 17945, 55117

Mississippi

Jackson, Beta Chi‡, Box 31253, 39206

Missouri

St. Louis, St. Louis Gender Found'n, Box 9433, 63117

Nebraska

Council Bluffs, RCGA, Box 680, 51502

Albuquerque, Fiesta!‡, 8200 Montgomery NE #241, 87109

New Jersey

Mays Landing, Renaissance SJ, Box 189, 08330
Red Bank, MOTG, Renaissance Affiliate, Box 8243, 07701

Trenton, Sigma Nu Rho‡, Box 9255, 08650

New York

Albany, TGIC, Box 13604, 12212
Brooklyn, GNO , Box 369, 11235
Hempstead, LIFE , Box 31, 11551
Mountainville, Chi Delta Mu‡, Box 93, 10953
New York, MGN, Renaissance Affiliate, Box 45, 561 Hudson St., 10014
New York, Mardi Gras Boutique, 400 W. 14th St. at 8th Ave., 212-947-7773

LadyLike #19 **Resources**

New York, Mary Lynne White (Image Consultant), 212-978-8520

Rochester, CD•Network, Box 92055, 14692

Syracuse, EON Inc., 523 W. Onondaga St., 13204

Tillson, Transgender Network, Box 177, 12486-0177

North Carolina

Charlotte, CTA, Box 25100, Ste 188, 28229-5100

Charlotte, Kappa Beta†, PO Box 12101, 28220-2101

Ohio

Cincinnati, Cross-Port, Box 12701, 45212

Elyria, Alpha-Omega†, Box 954, 44036

Parma, Paradise Club, Box 29564, 44129

Reynoldsburg, Crystal Club, Box 287, 43068

Oregon

Portland, NWGA, Box 4928, 97208.

Pennsylvania

Easton, CDI, PO Box 61, 18044

Erie, Erie Sisters, 2115 W 8th St, Ste 261, 16505

York, Renaissance LSV, Box 2122, 17105

Jenkintown, Laine Alexander Image Consultant, 215-635-8858

Phila., Renaissance GP, Box 530, Bensalem, 19020

Phila., Occasional Woman (custom clothes), 215-352-0248

Pittsburgh, TransPitt, Box 3214, 15230

Upper Darby, Marilyn's Wigs, 215-446-0799

Tennessee

Nashville, Tenn. Vals, Box 92335, 37209

Texas

Alief, Tau Chi, Box 1105, 77411

Arlington, Delta Omega†, Box 1021, 76004

Amarillo, Alpha Chi†, Box 50266, 79159

Bulverde, Heart of Texas, Box 17, 78163

Houston, GCTC, Box 90335, 77090

Houston, Int'l Conf. on Transgender Law, 5707 Firenze St., 77035

Riesel, TriPlex Gender Assoc., Box 381, 76682

San Angelo, Heart of Texas NW, Box 30413, 76903

San Antonio, B&P Society, Box 700042, 78270-0042

Utah

Salt Lake City, Alpha Rho Provesta†, Box 26711, 84126

Virginia

Arlington, TGEA, Box 16036, 22215

Richmond, Virginia's Secret, Box 7386, 23221-0386

West Virginia

Huntington, Trans-WV, Box 2322, WV 25724

Washington

Seattle, Emerald City, Box 31318, 98103

Stanwood, Omega Alpha†, Box 876, 98292

• Canadian •

Cornbury Society, Box 3745, Vancouver, B.C. V6B-3Z1

Gender Mosaic, Box 7421, Ottawa, Ontario, K1L-8E4

Monarch Social Club, Mississauga A Box 386, Mississauga, Ont. L5A 3A1, 416-949-6602

Canadian Crossdressers' Club Inc. and Wildside TV Boutique & Hotel, 161 Gerrard St. E., Toronto, Ontario, M5A-2E4, 416-864-0420

A.A.S. Lingerie, 132 Brunetville Rd., Kapuskasing, Ont. P5N-2G7.

FantasyLand, 274 8th St. E., Box 682, Owen Sound, Ontario, N4K-5R4

• Overseas •

Note: Because of the growing numbers of support groups overseas, we can no longer list all of them here. Please refer to our Who's Who & Resource Guide to the International Transgender Community for all future international listings. We realize this may be an inconvenience to our international readers and we apologize.

•Recurring Events •

California Dreamin', put on by PPOC, CHIC, et. al. in May in Burbank, Ca.

Be All You Can Be Weekend, put on by Paradise Club, Crossroads, Trans-Pitt and Chi Chapter in June. Rotates thru Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh. '94 in Cleveland.

Esprit, put on by Emerald City, NWGA & Cornbury Society in May in Port Angeles, Wash.

Fantasia Fair, sponsored by the Outreach Institute in Provincetown, Mass., in October. Write NEW ADDRESS.

IFGE Convention, once a year in March/April, '94 in Portland, Or. Contact I.F.G.E., Emerald City, or NWGA.

Monarch Mardi Gras, Monarch Social Club, 1st wknd in October in Ontario.

Paradise in the Poconos, 4days/3 nights, May & Sept. in the Pa. Poconos. Contact CDS/JoAnn Roberts.

Southern Comfort, Weekend in Atlanta. Contact Sigma Epsilon.

Texas "T" Party, Weekend in San Antonio. Contact B&P Society.

Tiffany Provincetown Outings, twice a year in Oct & June. Contact TCNE, Mass.

When writing to an organization, business, or advertiser, enclose a #10 stamped self-addressed business envelope for their reply. It will be greatly appreciated and speed their response. Also, tell them you saw their ad or listing in LadyLike. We'll appreciate that.

Rachel Lane



LadyLike's Profile

NAME: Rachel Lane

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Sales

RESIDENCE: Large Midwestern City

HEIGHT: 5' 10"

WEIGHT: 160#

MEASUREMENTS: 38-30-36, Size 16/18

SHOE SIZE: 10

FAVORITE THINGS

SHOE STYLE: Pumps with 3-inch heels

PERFUME: Laura Ashley

MOVIE: Star Wars

HEROINES: Jane Seymour

MUSIC: Rock 'n Roll, Jazz

PLACE: An isolated park with a stream

TURN-ONS: Sexy lingerie, beautifully made-up eyes, long natural eyelashes

TURN-OFFS: Bad or negative attitudes.



Rachel Lane

***LadyLike:* You went out dressed for the first time at age 19. Tell us what that experience was like.**

Rachel Lane: I was very excited that day. I was living at home and my family was gone for 3 days. I headed for my younger sister's room after a warm bath. She is two years younger than me and was always "in style" as far as her clothes went. Me and her are also about the same height and weight (She's 5'9", I'm 5'10"; we both weigh about 160 lbs.) And our hair color is auburn/brown. At that time, my hair was nearly shoulder length and curly. At a glance, I could probably pass as her sister. I had been crossdressing for about three years, but had never gone out in public. I was very excited about finally going "public" as Rachel.

I went to my sister's dresser and started with the lingerie. I put on a matching bra and panty set, fol-

lowed with a matching slip. I pulled on several pairs of pantyhose to cover the blonde hair on my legs. My long legs now looked freshly shaved and shimmered in the light. At this point I was feeling very feminine and went to apply my makeup. I had been practicing makeup application techniques whenever I could, so in the last two years had become pretty good at it. I applied a light foundation, set it with powder, used liquid eyeliner to line my eyes, applied brown eyeshadow, followed by black mascara. I put on a light amount of blush on my cheeks, put on some perfume, and went back to getting dressed.

I put on a white blouse that had ruffles down the front with a blue skirt that ended a few inches above the knee, and then a pair of taupe pumps. I went over to look in the mirror and was floored! I knew I could pass at that point. I applied an off-pink shade of lipstick and was ready to go. I grabbed a matching bolero-styled jacket and headed for the car.



thinking, "what if he busts me?" I just kept on walking and nothing happened. I went into one lady's clothing store, looked at several dresses, but no one came over to help me. When I finally saw a girl coming over, I pretended like I wasn't interested in anything, and walked out. I wasn't ready to talk to anyone yet. I finished up the day by driving to a couple more strip malls and just "window" shopping. That first time gave me great self-confidence as a girl.

LL: A lot of TVs have a "thing" for wedding gowns, but your attraction to weddings is quite novel. Tell our readers about some of your wedding experiences.

RL: I think I am interested wedding events because that was the first type of dress I ever put on. My sister was to get married in a couple of weeks and had brought her wedding dress home. To this day, I don't know what exactly possessed me to want to wear it. Anyway, one afternoon I was left alone at the house. I went into her room and found it in her closet. I took it down from the hanger and was about

My heart pounded as I left the garage. I backed out of the garage and headed down the driveway. As I started to pull forward, I looked up to see my neighbor at her mailbox. For one second I panicked as our eyes met, but she just smiled and waved at me and looked in her mailbox. I gave a little smile back. I then realized she must have thought I was my sister! That first "interaction" with a woman gave me great confidence for my first time out, and really for the rest of my life.

I drove to a city about 30 miles away to shop. Several times during the drive men waved or smiled at me. All these little actions by other people just bolstered my confidence. I stopped a couple of times at gas stations and pretended like I was using the pay phone. Again, I had men staring at me. I even got a couple of whistles. Once in town, I walked down the front of several strip malls. My reflection in the stores' windows looked very appealing. I felt very at peace instead of panicky inside. I made it to the mall and went inside. The "image" I was portraying must have been good. I walked right by a security guard and he didn't even bat an eye. I must admit I was



to put it on when I saw a beautiful bustier next to it. I had seen this type of garment in *Playboy* magazines and felt I should put it on. I had a little trouble hooking all the snaps in back, but managed. Upon further investigation, I found a matching pair of panties, tan stockings and white pumps. I pulled up the stockings and clipped them to the garter straps. I then put on the panties. The cool satin of the bustier was rubbing against my breasts and I soon noticed that my nipples were rock hard. I went to the bed and carefully pulled on the dress. Even to this day, I can remember that feeling.

My older sister was also about my size and it fit real well. I also will never forget when I zipped up the hidden zipper in back. The sound that it made as the silk and satin wedding dress closed in around me was unforgettable. The last thing I had to do was put on her white satin pumps. As I sat down on the bed, the swishing of all of that material as it slide over my stocking covered legs was incredible. I hiked up the dress to slip on her pumps, and felt so lady-like as I did it. I think every single nerve ending in my body was tingling. I knew at that moment that this was



going to be a part of my life forever. I was 16.

That experience has since been followed with me going to a few wedding receptions as Rachel. I have been to three so far. These receptions are usually very large so it's easy for me to slip in. I typically wear a formal or semi-formal party dress. The last one I went to I wore a pink taffeta dress, with long pouffed sleeves, a two-tiered flouncy skirt, pantyhose, white lace pumps. I spent two hours getting ready for this event. I fit-in perfectly.

After I entered the reception hall, I noticed that many other girls and women were also dressed very fancy. I took a seat in the corner of the room, with the closest people about 2 tables over. A waiter brought me some champagne. Soon I realized I had to go to the bathroom. I grabbed my purse and very lady-like, walked to the restroom. No one else was in there when I entered. I got into a stall to take care of business. I had just pulled up my pantyhose when two of the bridesmaids walked in. They were in long, blue dresses and both were very pretty. I watched them through the crack in the stall door. They were fixing their makeup when one said, "Did you see





purse, and my brown wig. I had been in this building before, so I knew the layout. I parked the car and walked up to the building. As I approached the door, a business man was coming out. He smiled at me and held open the door as I passed by him. I politely smiled at him. I entered the lobby and stood for several minutes in front of the building's office directory. I pretended like I was looking for some business. Several women passed by me and no one even paid attention to me.

I took a seat near the door, with my legs crossed very lady-like, but you could look and see some of my pantyhose-covered thigh. I sat there for maybe 10 minutes reading a magazine. I made sure to cross and uncross my legs whenever a man or woman would walk by. Then I saw an attractive blonde woman walking down the hall towards me. I reached into my purse and got out my compact and lipstick. As she got closer, I opened the compact, looked in the mirror and slowly painted my lips. I then "puckered" my lips as she was about 10 feet from me. As I looked up from my compact mirror and our eyes met, she quickly looked away. I believe

that girl in the pink dress? Who is she with?" The other one said, "I don't know, but I'm mad at Pete for staring at her." That girl was ME! I was thrilled. After they left, I checked myself out in the mirror, then went back out. I only stayed about 30 minutes then left.

LL: One of your favorite "looks" is the career-girl and that leads to another of your favorite excursions — office centers. What's the story there?

RL: Since I am in the sales profession, I often go to office parks, centers, etc. I have always been attracted to women who can look professional, yet beautiful. It wasn't until I was 27 that I started to go to office centers dressed as a career girl. The first one I ever went to was very helpful in my confidence as Rachel, the career-girl. I was living in Westchester County, New York at the time. It was the middle of summer, warm and windy. I had on a white one-piece dress, with a flirty little trim on it, tan pantyhose, shiny black pumps, a matching black belt and



she thought I was a woman. The rest of the day was spent going to other buildings.

I also go to the ladies room when I'm in my career-look and recently had a neat experience. I was in a very fancy office center. I entered the ladies room and noticed another woman at the sink. This ladies room had counters on both sides and she was opposite me, about 10 feet away. I pulled out my compact and put some powder on my nose. As I looked in the mirror, I noticed that she was checking me out in the reflection of her mirror. Just then two younger women, age 20 or so, came in. They went over to the other lady's counter. They were dressed in black, ultra-short dresses, black hose, high heels and lots of makeup. I thought they looked pretty sexy, but a bit much for the office. They quickly combed their hair, put on some lipstick and left. I had now started to put on some lipstick when the other lady said to me, "Can you believe the way they were dressed? They'll never get anywhere with this company looking like that." This woman had on a nice blue two piece suit dress. I had on my red and black two-piece dress and was a blonde that day.



Anyway, I nodded with agreement as she walked out the door.

LL: Don't you think you are taking big chances going into such public places like weddings and office centers? What would you do if confronted?

RL: Some of your readers may think I'm taking a big chance by going into public places, but I guess that's just me as Rachel. I believe the attitude, expressions and gestures are just as important as how you are dressed. Even though I think I'm somewhat pretty, I know that to really be successful in public, I must feel feminine. I try to let that part of me show.

There are a lot of real women out there who aren't very attractive, and yet they are feminine, because that's the way they feel. For me, once I get in touch with those feelings, I can come across as a "woman." Plus all the years of positive responses from others who have seen me as a woman in public, gives me the confidence to go out. However, if I was ever "read" and confronted by someone, I would prob-





ing outlet. I think if I had been born a woman, I probably would be dynamite. (Isn't that what all us girls think!) But since I wasn't, this is one of the ways that I express those feelings and emotions that are inside of me. Everyone has a hobby of one sort or another, and people get into them at different levels. Some people take their hobbies very seriously. And maybe "hobby" isn't the right word. But it's the closest I can think of for this whole experience. I enjoy both my feminine and male sides immensely. I believe all of us crossdress for our own reasons.

LL: What does the future hold for Rachel?

RL: At this point, I am happy going out every few months as Rachel. As I see it, life is one big pie. Many different slices make up that whole pie. Family, friends, work, crossdressing, etc., are just my different slices of life's pie. I feel fortunate there is a balance between life's different components in my own life. Some people may disagree with that philosophy, but it works for me. I don't feel I would want to live life only as a woman because, right or wrong, society still isn't fair to them. I also feel fortunate that I can express these many different feelings inside of me, when I need to. Life is wonderful. All of us need to enjoy it at whatever level we can. ▼

ably try to pass myself off as a TS. But the key, I believe, is to fit into your surroundings while having these feminine feelings showing.

LL: Does anybody else know about Rachel?

RL: Right now, nobody else in my immediate family does. I do have a significant other that knows I crossdress, but she doesn't approve. In fact, she thinks that I don't do it anymore. She knew that I used to do it when I was in college, but that's it. As her attitude shifts on the sexuality of men (and women), I could see telling her about it. Since I travel, my schedule is still flexible enough to allow me to dress every few months. I know there is a TV support group in my city, but I'm not interested in joining it at this time. I guess I kind of look at crossdressing as a hobby.

LL: What do you mean by a hobby?

RL: I don't wish to be a woman full-time (through a sex change), I look at Rachel as my feminine feel-



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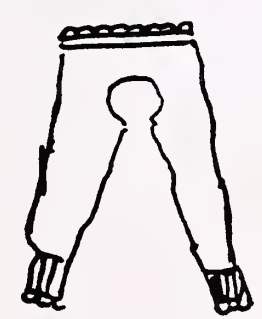


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1904 — New Jersey: Crossdresser from Central New Jersey seeking same for correspondence and possible meetings. Love dressing and role playing. Discretion a must. Photo w/reply. Love, Tiffany



1906 — Lonely CD, 40's, wife doesn't approve. Looking for others to share correspondence, photos, and friendship. Possible meetings for girl-talk and companionship. In the Bucks Co., PA, Trenton, NJ area. Your photo gets mine. LUVS, Fran.



2008 — Ontario, Canada — Laurie (TV Bride) & Bambi (GG Bridesmaid) wish to correspond with other TVs and their wives, meetings possible. Would also like to hear from other TVs. Must send photos w/reply. All answered.



1905 — New York: If you want a good correspondent with wide knowledge of TV affairs, then drop me a line. Always room for a new friend. I answer all letters. Your photo gets mine. Connie Taylor.



2007 — Mass: Coquettish, 5'5", 132 lbs., bi-TV loves dating, dancing, modeling, feminine roles, and naughty video making/exchange. Value safety, discretion, sincerity, and those who send photo.



2110 — Mich., Marcia Ann: For over 25 years have enjoyed traveling, dining, and shopping "en femme." Authored article on mature CD's for LadyLike (#17). Love to correspond with prompt reply to all and like to help others.

Personals



2111 — Penna.: Heterosexual male seeks female who understands that I can be her man as well as her sister. I would also like to correspond with other TVs in Upper Bucks Co., Pa. who feel the same. Will answer all letters. Diane.



2212 — Wisconsin: Hi! I'm Cindy (see more pix in LL#8) seeking friendships and girl-talk correspondence with sisters and real women who love this feminine lifestyle. Serious about femininity and the "total" look. Let's share. Write today.



2313 — New Jersey: I am a very caring and loving live-alone TV who loves the feminine lifestyle. I love to entertain and welcome those who enjoy all marvelous feminine things. Respond with picture, I will also answer all. I promise. Arlene T., Central NJ & Eastern Pa.

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Chapter 1

Doc Symmons told me I should write everything down. "Don't worry about the grammar, Laura Ann," he said. "Don't worry about the spelling. Don't go worrying about getting everything in the right order. Don't try for the Pulitzer. Just make sure you get everything on paper. You don't have to show it to me or anyone else. But it would be a great tragedy if the world were to miss out on your story."

He was kidding, I think. About the tragedy, I mean. With Doc Symmons, it's sometimes hard to tell.

Doc is small-town crazy, which is more acceptable than big-city crazy, so he's let to run around loose, and shops at K-Mart and everything— although maybe he should be the one on the couch and I should be pretending to listen to his woes, instead of him pretending to listen to mine. But he's the one with the office in the mall and that cold-fish red-headed receptionist that he shares with the rest of the doctors in the suite, and I'm the one who has to work her skinny butt off to make ends meet. Even though I'm normal and Doc is as loony as the Cocoa Puff bird.

Not that Doc isn't good at what he does. No,

even though he's what Bobbo Joe calls a talkin' doctor (as opposed to a doin' doctor), he's worth his fee, for he's helping me come to a decision about my "problem." Besides, I've yet to pay him eighty-five dollars. By the time that hotsy-totsy redhead finishes punching forty-two

numbers into the hiccupping Casio calculator on her desk, I pay only twelve dollars and fifty cents.

I don't know where the other seventy-two fifty comes from.

Out

of the redhead's pocket-book, I would guess, from the expression on her face.

I'll bet she isn't red-headed you-know-where.

I'm in the shower. Now, that may seem like a strange place to start a manuscript, but according to Doc, the shower is the only place where I come face-to-face (in a manner of speaking) with my "problem." It seems a good place to begin.

...

You'll notice that I put quotation marks around the word "problem." I've noticed that writers do that when they use a word that doesn't really fit what they're trying to say. I used quotation marks because I'm still not sure I do have a problem. Everyone else thinks so, of course, so indeed I may have a problem, with no quote marks.

My Problem stares at me with its Cyclopean eye. That's the way I'll start off when I revise this. This draft will never do, for I'm putting things down as I think of them; I'll need to go back through and decide what will stay and what will go. Besides, the notebook is damp from the steam in the bathroom. It makes the paper wrinkle.

My Problem stares at me with its Cyclopean eye. It is a problem (or a "problem") of anatomy, but one that is really irrelevant to all but me and those with whom I choose to share it. Yet, it's surprising how everyone is so preoccupied with (Doc would say "fixated on") my Problem. People who have never seen it and will never, ever see it seem to think it's the most significant thing about me.

Doc has never laid eyes on it. Like the others, he takes it as a matter of faith that it exists as part of my body. Most of the people who are worried about it have never beheld

continued next page

The Problem

it. In fact, in my entire life, fewer than a dozen people have seen it.

No, that's not true, for I was forgetting about that wretched episode last summer at job camp, where everyone up to and including the lieutenant governor had to come take a gander at it, once they realized that I had it. But aside from that, only the doctor who delivered me (and I guess his nurse) and my ma and my pa and my three older sisters. Maybe a baby sitter or two. And of course, Mary June Cunningham.

• • •

And then there's Johnny Ray, with whom I played doctor when I was five and he was six—at his insistence, I might add. Now, one might think I would have been inclined to play doctor with a little girl, but there was no little girl handy, and besides, I had seen my mother's and I seen my sisters', and I had changed my sister Lucinda's baby girl's diapers. No, I had seen little girls. What I hadn't seen was a little boy's, and when I saw Johnny Ray's and realized that his was the same as mine, I knew that something was bad wrong with my body. It made me want to throw up. It didn't help matters when Johnny Ray's Pa caught us red-handed, so-to-speak, for he took us to my ma and pa and Johnny Ray and me both got called perverts and threatened with hellfire and eternal damnation for our mortal souls. It seemed like a big fuss for a couple of little things.

That episode didn't affect Johnny's life very much—it didn't seem to, anyway—but it sure as hell put a brand on me. If Pa hadn't much use for me before, he had even less after Albert Ray, standing in our front yard in a sleeveless t-shirt which exposed the tattoos he had got in Singapore when he was in the Navy, worked up a good sweat swearing about our perfidious behavior, for which, of course, I was blamed. Now, Johnny Ray's Daddy had no room to talk, for I found out years later that tattoos notwithstanding, he was a closet case himself. Neither did Pa, who was not exactly famous for keeping his pecker in his pants, either. But with them against me, and with Johnny insisting that I had made him do it, and with my very demeanor shouting deviancy at them, it was no wonder that I was the one who was blamed, who was damned forever after in the eyes of my father, that man of men.

My Problem rarely shows itself these days, keeping itself tucked firmly out of harm's way, except for those rare occasions when biology asserts itself, and it stirs about and threatens to rise to the attack.

I'd better rein in here and circle my horses. Pardon the cowboy talk. It comes from reading too many westerns, which I find laying around the house after Pa gets through

with them. Whenever I pick one up and read it, I tend to get rambunctious, and if I don't watch myself, I talk Louis L'Amour or Zane Grey for a few days. I walk around on the balls of my feet, looking at people out of the corners of my eyes and squinting into the sun, like Clint Eastwood in a spaghetti western. And I just finished reading a Max Brand paperback. Anyway—in common parlance, I'm putting the cart before the horse. First things first.

• • •

My name is Laura Ann Sykes. It is also Leroy Amos Sykes. I was born with the second; I go by the first. I have the looks and demeanor and disposition of a Laura, and I have the history and sex organs of a Leroy. I am unfortunately still legally a Leroy. I've a petition for name change, but Judge Crater (no relation to the one who disappeared) won't sign it 'cause Pa told him he would break both his legs if he ever did, and Judge Wilkins won't sign it even without any threats, because of that time out on the lake when he had a sudden attack of the middle-age crazies and tried to get my britches down and I got mad and grabbed the paddle and chased him right out of the boat.

My life is miserable because I'm stuck somewhere between being a girl and being a boy. I live in a small town where everyone knows everyone else, and I just can't seem to escape my past. My family calls me Leroy and my friends mostly call me Laura. At school I get called Laura and Leroy and sissy and faggot and every other name in the book.

No one would ever suspect that there is a Leroy somewhere under my skirts, for I am about five-six, with a good figure. I have big blue eyes and long brown hair and a pretty face and a soprano voice. Thanks to the miracle of science, everything about me is just what you would expect in a seventeen-year-old girl. Except for the Problem. I make a point of not telling folks about it, but they find out soon enough, for I'm a major topic of conversation in the town.

People who don't know treat me just like they would any other girl. Once they find out, there is a difference in the way they act towards me. Women get funny about me using the ladies' room, and guys get distant. The ones who have been attracted to me are trouble. More than once I have had boys get ugly with me after they found out.

• • •

Johnny Ray, having learned nothing from that experience so many years ago, is still exposing me. I think he follows me in his car, awaiting an opportunity to expose and endanger me. It happened as recently as last Saturday. "Yep," he said to my date of the evening, while I was in the ladies' room. "Leroy sure do make one good-lookin' girl, don't he?" When I got back to the table, my date was gone. No explanation, no nothing. He was just gone. He didn't

even settle the check. I paid it without complaining; it was better than having him stick around to make a scene. The waitress, who had been nice, stared at me. She looked like she wanted to say something unkind, but I was mad enough to chew nails, and I guess she could tell it, for she kept her mouth shut.

I know Johnny Ray was responsible, for as I was walking to my car, he drove up in his Jetta, staying just out or throwing range, and stuck his head out the window and told me what he had done.

Even before he and I played doctor-and-nurse in the ravine, Johnny was fascinated with me. He has always stared at me like I was a snake or something. In grade school, he would sit one row over and one desk behind me, and I would feel his hot eyes on me throughout the day. He has become more and more hateful of late; in fact, it got much worse about the time I blossomed into puberty. Although I have never done anything to Johnny (not counting the milk, which I did only in self-defense), I have become his enemy, and he my nemesis. If not for Johnny continually reminding everyone about my Problem, I believe most folks would accept me as a girl.

• • •

Johnny Ray and Doc Symmons are typical of this town. I don't think there's anyone normal hereabouts. Mom is a hypochondriac, an over-the-counter junkie, a woman who lies in bed surrounded by empty cans of Coke and unfolded BC and Goody's and Stanback powder papers, attempting to run the household by sheer vocal power. I'm her favorite target, "Goddamn it, Leroy," her three favorite words. She calls me Leroy and not Laura and "he" and not "she" but gives me pure-D Hell if I don't get up supper and don't keep the house clean enough to suit her.

Pa is a long-haul driver, a man proud of his conquests of late middle-aged waitresses in truck stops in places like Iowa and North Dakota. He's even proud of the trouble he's having with what he calls his "prostitute" gland. He considers it a manly disease, unlike his brother Bob, who had breast cancer. It was a source of amusement to Pa until Bob ruined things by up and dying of it.

• • •

Lucinda, Marinda, and Clorinda, my older sisters, are the three evil stepsisters from Cinderella. I used to wish that my fairy godmother would arrive and save me from them, but what actually happened was that they grew up and got married and moved out on their own. They bother me now only on occasion, when they visit. Tammy Mae, the youngest, showed up unexpectedly when I was eight years old, the same as I am now. I halfway keep expecting Ma to make love to Pa in a big pile of pain-reliever papers and pull another baby out of her hat, but of course she can't,

'cause she's had a hysterectomy, for which I am thankful because if she hadn't I would, no doubt, be a boy instead of a girl.

• • •

Tammy Mae, precocious child that she is, has a lesbian crush on me—much to my chagrin, for my lesbian relationship with Mary June Cunningham is more than I can stand. "Get rid of your Problem," Tammy Mae cooed to me last week. "Get rid of it, and we'll run away and leave this crazy place."

I would like nothing better than to be rid of my Problem, which I consider nothing more than a tumor, but Mary June is fascinated by it, and I just know that she would leave me if I got it cut off. I'm hanging onto it for her, even though having it makes it kind of hard to have a normal lesbian relationship. Doc Symmons says there's no hurry, but that I should do what makes me happy and not what makes Mary June happy. It's to help me decide what to do about my Problem that I'm writing all of this down.

• • •

My Problem stares at me with its Cyclopean eye. Little Leroy, Junior. Out of sight, out of mind. I tuck him away and pull on my white uniform and go out the door to work, to the truck stop, where a thousand carbon copies of my pa wink at me and ask me out and try to get me interested in their Problems.

to be continued...

(Editor's note: Serial fiction is something we tried a long time ago and dumped, but this story is so great we thought we'd try again. How about some feedback? Did you like this intro to Laura Ann? Shall we continue the story? Drop us a line and let us know what you think.)

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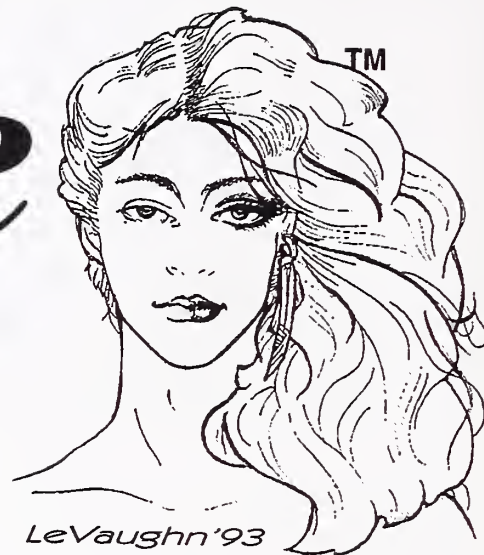
Acceptable Example

Hi, my name is Tricia. I'm a 30 year old crossdresser who loves leather minis and spiked heels. I need someone to talk to and help me learn more about this. Call if you are sincere and want to help.

Unacceptable Example

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